

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you triffler, loue; loue thee not. I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with maimets, and to file with lips; We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saiest thou *Kate*; what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede? Wel, do not then: for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tel me, if you speake in iest, or no.

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see meride? And when I am a horse baek, I will sweare, I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*, I must not haue you henceforth; question me? Whither I go: nor reason where about. Whither I must, I must: and to conclude, This euening must I leaue you Gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no farther wise. Then *Harry* *Percys* wife, I constant you are, But yet a woman, and for secrecy, No Lady closer, for I will beleue, Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know. And so farewell I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,

Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you:

Will this content you *Kate*?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poinet.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poinet.* Where hast been *Hal*?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure score Hogs-heads. I haue sounded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne Brother to a leash of Drawers, & can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their salvation, that though I be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curtessie*; and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy, (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall commande all the good Lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and sixe pences*; and, *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon sir; skore a Pint of Bastard in the Halfe moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: steppe aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poinet.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poinet.* *Francis.*

*Enter Drawer.*

*Prin.* *Anon, anon sir*, looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

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*Prince.*